THE

HISTORY

Of the Ever-Renowned Knight

Don *QUIXOTE* de la *MANCHA:*

Containing his many Wonderful and Admirable

ATCHIEVEMENTS and ADVENTURES.

With the Pleasant Humours

Of his Trusty SQUIRE,

Sancha Pancha.

Being very Comical and Diverting.

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The History of Don *Quixote*, &c.

Chap. I. *Shewing who Don Quixote was, and what made him to turn Knight-Errant; and also who* Dulcinea *del* Toboso *was, whom he chose for the Lady of his best Affections: How he was Dubb'd a Knight, and how he took an Inn for an Enchanted Castle, with other pleasant Adventures.*

AMong other Persons of Reputation, whose Actions have gained an immortal Fame in the World, and that surprize with Wonder and Astonishment all that read the Relations of their extraordinary Atchievements, there is none more remarkable than Don *Quixote*, the Subject of this History, who was a Gentleman that liv'd in the ancient Village of the *Mancha* in *Spain*, a Man so extreamly given up to the reading of Romances, and such other Books as treated of Knight-Errantry; that at last he resolved to put it in practice himself, and make himself more Renowned than those Heroes he had read of in Romantick Legends; of whom he had so great an Opinion that he always spoke of 'em with the profoundest Reverence, and took it very ill to hear any one question the Truth of what had been recorded in their Praises: Yea, so great was his Credulity in these things, that he durst engage for the Veracity of of the History of *Tom Thumb* is self. It will not be very material to trouble

trouble the Reader with a long Bed-roll of his Anceſtors, nor of thoſe Mannors and Lordſhips which they left him; which I cou'd never underſtand to be very great; for to ſay truth, his Family was but ſo,ſo; yet he kept a working Servant to manage his Country Affairs, and alſo an old Woman, or Governant, as is uſual in *Spain*, who had the care of Domeſtick concerns; beſides theſe, there was in his Family a young Plump Girl, under twenty, who was his Siſter's Daughter; nor muſt I forget that he had an old Horſe, who never fail'd him in all his Noble Adventures; as I ſhall have occaſion to mention hereafter. I will not be anſwerable for the Furniture of his Cellar and his Pantry, let it ſ fice that his Hall was plentifully accommodated with Swords, Pikes, and Javelins, with Murrions, Back and Breſt Pieces; which tho' by reaſon of diſuſe they were almoſt ſpoil'd with Ruſt and Cobwebs; yet this hinder'd not our Hero, when he came to ſhew the World the Proweſs of his doughty Arm; for he furbiſhed both Back and Breaſt, and took his Great Grandfather's Basket-hilted Sword, and Lance alſo: But the greateſt thing wanting, was an Helmet, which all his ſtore could not help him to; and yet his good Fortune brought him ſomething that he made ſhift with in the room of it; and that was a Muſty Murrion, of which his Niece ſometimes upon occaſion made a Chamber-pot; this he ſo furniſhed, that with the help of a Braſs Potlid that he gave a workman to hammer a Beaver out of it, he made a very good ſhift with, rivetting, or rather clouting it together: This Don *Quixote* (for ſo is our New Knight-Errant to be diſtinguiſh'd) clapped on his Head, and finding it cover'd his Ears, he made no doubt he had now gotten Armour of Proof to ſecure his Noddle (for I cann't ſay his Brains) from the Swords of thoſe Knights he meant to Encounter with, and the clubbs of thoſe Giants he deſign'd to cut in Pieces; for you muſt know he had a mighty Antipathy againſt Giants, becauſe of their barbarous Cruelty to courteous Knights, and diſtreſſed Ladies.

All things being now ready for his ſetting out, he call'd for his truſty Steed, that he might confer upon him a Name according to the cuſtom of former times in ſuch caſes; that the poor Beaſt, as well as himſelf, might be immortaliz'd in Hiſtory and perhaps be as fam'd as *Bucephalus*, *Boyardo*, or *Belieca*, of whom there is ſuch advantagious Mention made in Hiſtory. And that he might give him a ſignificant Name, he call'd him *Rozinante*, which in the Spaniſh Language ſignifies a Horſe of Carriage, or of Labour; which he having

pronounched Emphatically, thought it ſounded with a very good Grace. But being ready to mount, he happily bethought himſelf that the moſt material thing was yet wanting, and that was, a Lady ſo whoſe Shrine he might offer up all his Services: For to be a Knight Errant, without an adored Lady, that might reap the Advantage of of all his mighty Atchievements, wou'd look like a Pudding without Fat: For thus did our Knight expoſtulate with himſelf: *To what purpoſe ſhou'd I over throw ſome famous Knight-Errant to the Ground, or, confound ſome mighty Giant at a ſtroke, that they may proſtrate on the Earth implore my Mercy, if I have got no Miſtreſs who may receive the Honour of my Services? and whom the trembling Wretches thus may ſupplicate:* I am the Famous Giant *Corculiambro*, the lately dreaded Lord of *Malindrania*, whom the Victorious and ever-valiant Knight Don *Quixote* de la *Mancha*, has in one ſingle Combat over-come; and by this brave unconquerable Worthy, am I enjoyn'd thus lowly on the Earth, to bow my ſelf to you, as to the Soveraign Lady of his Heart, and to intreat you ſo to order and diſpoſe of me as unto your Illuſtrious Ladyſhip ſhall ſeem moſt fit. This, thought our mighty Hero, wou'd be worth ſeeking out Adventures for. But now where he ſhou'd find a Miſtreſs worth all this Toil he was to undertake, was an Herculean Labour: But his propitious Stars at laſt brought to his thoughts a handſome Country Wench, whoſe Name was *Alionſo Lorenſa* the Daughter of a Butcher, whom he believ'd (tho' he had never ſeen her) by the report of his own Plow-man, to be a celebrated Beauty; to her he was reſolv'd to pay the moſt ſincere and laſting of his Vows; only he thought her Name ſhou'd be new Vampt, that it might ſound at leaſt more like the Title of ſome mighty Princeſs; knowing the ingle of a Name has a great matter in't; and ſo he metamorphos'd it into *Dulcinea* del *Toboſa*, the latter part of it relating to the place of her Nativity: Thus chang'd, he fancy'd it to carry ſo Harmonious a ſound, he'd ſcarce have chang'd it for the Queen of *Spain*'s. And therefore without ſeeing her, or telling her of his deſign, he without any more ado, all things being now adjuſted, ſet forward in the ſearch of Adventures.

Scarce had *Aurora* uſher'd in the Morning, but arm'd all Cap-a-pea, and mounted upon *Rozinante*, Don *Quixote* travell'd as his Horſe wou'd lead him; and had almoſt worn out the Day, without encountring any thing of Note; and now the Shadow; of the Evening coming on, himſelf and *Rozinante* were equally fatigu'd; the journey being

being long, and the Weather very ſultry: when lo, as his good Stars wou'd have it, he from a riſing Ground beheld an Inn, which he miſtaking for a Noble caſtle, kept either by ſome worthy Knight, or elſe the Receptacle of ſome Giant, he repair'd thither out of hand; fancying the chimneys to be Pinacles of glitſtering ſilver, as being newly whitewaſh'd, according to the cuſtom of the Country; that they might be the eaſier ſeen by Travellers, eſpecially when at ſome diſtance from them, and be an invitation to 'em to take up their Lodging there. But coming nearer and perceiving no Draw-bridge, nor deep Ditch, as he expected, he gave a check to *Rozinante*, (who knew what the Place was better than his Maſter and therefore wou'd fain have been at it) to ſee if any Trumpet wou'd ſound, to give warning of his coming; but nothing appearing but two Country Damſels, who had come thither on Pack-horſes, it being an Inn at which the Carriers of *Sevil* took up their Stage, *Rozinante* puſhing forward to go to the Stable, being almoſt famiſh'd, he ventur'd towards them; and taking theſe Rural Laſſes for two charming Ladies, he accoſted 'em in very obliging Lanuage, but a Swinheard blowing his Horn to call his Hogs to the Sty. Don *Quixote* gave a ſtart, taking it for a Trumpet to give Notice of his Arrival: And while he was now grown big with the Expectation of ſome ſtrange Event, the Maſter of the Inn came out, and ſeeing a Man armed in an uncouth manner at his Gate, he went to him, and deſir'd to know the occaſion of his coming: Don *Quixote* taking him for the Governour of the Caſtle, told him, after a Courteous Salute, who he was, and that he was come in queſt of Adventures: The Innkeeper (who was a cunning Knave) perceiving his blind ſide, welcom'd him to his Caſtle, as he term'd it, the better to humour him; He no ſooner alighted, but he got *Rozinante* put in o the Stable; when the two Damſels were were very officious to unarm him; which they did pretty readily, till they came to take off his Beaver, which the Armourer in fitting it hrd thruſt on ſo cloſe, that they in vain Endeavour'd to pull it off, and ſo was fain to make a vertue of Neceſſity, and ſeeing it cou'd not be got off, be contented to make an odd ſort of Figure with it on. But finding Knight-Errantry wou'd'nt do without victuals, he Enquir'd what was to be had in the Caſtle, fitting to accommodate a Perſon of his Quality? And being anſwer'd, That it was the Cuſtom of the Place to feed on Trouts, he declar'd he lov'd 'em above all other Fiſh; but tho' inſtead of Trouts, they brought him only poor Jack, and

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Bread almoſt as black as his Boots, with Water inſtead of what they call'd *Champaing* Wine, yet when he went to eat, he met with an odd ſort of Obſtacle to his Eating; for he cou'd not without great difficulty get at his Mouth; his Beaver ſtanding in the way: In this Diſtreſs deſiring ſome help, that his hungry Stomack might not be tantaliz'd when ſuch Proviſion was before him, the two officious Damſels undertook to aſſiſt him, ramming in the poor Jack with a Pudding-ſtick, whilſt the Tapſter with a Funnel, putting the little end into his Mouth, poured the Water ſo faſt in at the greater, that Don *Quixote* was forc'd to cry out, *Hold, hold, Sir Knight, or I ſhall be over ſet.* Whilſt they were Employ'd in helping our Knight-Errant, in comes a Sow-gelder to ſee for Lodging, who blowing his Horn, Don *Quixote* believ'd it was only Muſick playing to him while he was at Supper; being perſwaded that the two Wenches were Ladies of great Quality, who where kept Priſoners there; and whom the Governour of the Caſtle being a Knight of great Humanity, treated according to their Quality.

Supper being Ended, and the cloth drawn, Don *Quixote* was ſeiz'd with a very killing Conſideration, which was, that the Honour of Knighthood had not yet been conferr'd upon him, for want of which he could not undertake any Noble Enterprize: In this deplorable condition, the only Remedy he had, was to implore the Governour of the Caſtle to dub him a Knight; declaring that without promiſing to do ſo, he wou'd not depart from the Caſtle; the cunning Hoſt ſmil'd at this Propoſal, hoping to make a Penny of him; and therefore readily promis'd him to do it in the morning; and that according to the Rules of Knighthood, he muſt this night, by way of Pennance watch his Armour in the Baſe-court: Don *Quixote* over-joy'd he ſhou'd be made a Knight, willingly condeſcends to the Pennance; and ſo his Armour was forthwith brought into the Court, and laid upon the Ciſtern where the Carriers were uſed to water their Horſes; which he fancied to be an Altar, and ſo watch'd devoutly with his Lance in his Hand, calling on the Name of his Elected Lady *Dulcinea* del *Toboſo*, to influence him with her powerful charms, that he might be able to do thoſe things that were worthy of her. But whilſt he was thus contemplating his Miſtreſs, comes in a rude Carrier to water his Horſes, who knowing nothing of the matter, removed the Armour, throwing it on the Ground, that he might the more readily come at the Ciſtern; and this he did, notwithſtanding

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Don *Quixote* had forbid him, how hardy a Knight ſoever he were, to touch it on peril of his Life; which Affront of the Carrier's had ſo enraged him; that he lent him ſuch a Blow on the Pate with the Truncheon end of his Lance, that he laid him ſprawling on the Ground; and then took up the Armour and plac'd it on the Ciſtern again; which he had no ſooner done, but another Carrier came and ſerv'd it as the former, on the ſame account, Don *Quixote* was ſo enraged at this ſecond Affront, that without any more a do, lifting up his dead-doing Hand, he ſerv'd him like the other, ſo that he fell down with his Noſe directly in his Compoſteriors. But ſome looking out of the Windows, and by the help of the Moon-light beholding theſe violent Efforts of our Knight Errant, cried out, *Murther*, which giving the Alarm to the whole Inn, all the Carriers came running in their Shirts to attack him; but the valiant Don *Quixote* being on his Guard, the ſtouteſt of 'em durſt not come near him; however, they paulted him at a Diſtance with ſuch a Shower of Stones as had beat out his Brains, had not his Beaver ſerv'd inſtead of a Shield to defend him.

The Inn-keeper hearing of this accidental Skirmiſh, ſoon came and made all quiet, carrying in thoſe that were hurt, which were only ſtunned, and not ſlain; which by ſome timely Applications were ſoon recovered. Whilſt Don *Quixote* did not a little value himſelf, for the Execution he had done upon the Affront that had been offer'd him: The Inn-keeper, fearing ſome other Scuffle might happen, which might peradventure prevent him from getting what Money our deſigned Knight had about him, was willing to expedite the Ceremony as much as poſſible; it being by this time break of Day, and ſo telling him the time to dub him a Knight was now come, Don *Quixote* was very well pleas'd, and kneeling down in a Puddle of Water, and ſwearing him upon an inverted half Peck, the Rules of the Order of Knighthood was read to him out of an old Account-Book; and then giving him two or three luſty Blows over the Shoulders, which almoſt made him in as bad a Condition as he had made the two Carriers, he pronounced theſe Words, *I command you to riſe up thrice moſt illuſtrious and noble Don* Quixote, *Knight of the Order of the* Mancha. Which, notwithſtanding the Roughneſs of his three Blows, he did very contentedly, thanking his Hoſt (whom he took for the Governour of the Caſtle) for that high Favour; and then came the Damſels to gird on his Sword and faſten his Spurs; which while they were doing, they pick'd

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his Pockets of his ten Duccatoons, leaving him not a Souss where-with to bless himself: Which the Inn-keeper perceiving, hasten'd his Departure what he could. Only, as every Knight has some particular Device, by which he is both known and call'd, so he willed Don *Quixote* to procure white Armour as soon as he could, that he might be call'd the Knight of *The White Armour*. This pleas'd our Hero, but because he knew not readily how to procure it, he desir'd he might stay till he could send and procure them; which being contrary to what the Inn-keeper design'd, he proposed to chalk his Armour over, and so it would pass well enough for white: This was well accepted on, and as soon done; then mounting on *Rozinante*, and thanking the Governour of the Castle for all his Favours, he set Spurs to his Horse, and rid away in search of his good Fortune; leaving the Wenches and their Host to make merry with the Money they had taken from him, and which he never mist.

Chap. II. *Of the Exploits of Don* Quixote *after his being Knighted; how his Books of Knight Errantry, were condemn'd to the Flames; and how he was made to believe it was done by an Enchanter*, &c.

DOn *Quixote* being now made a Knight, and riding in search of Adventures, was surpriz'd with a doleful Cry made in an adjoyning Wood: and believing it to be one under some great Distress, rid up to the Place directed by the Sound, but this was only a Lad ty'd to a Tree, whom his Master was correcting for some of his untoward Pranks, that is to say for losing of his Sheep in the Forrest. Don *Quixote* seeing the severe Correction of the Master, immediately commanded him to desist, and let him at Liberty; which the Master instantly did; then having heard the Cause between 'em, gave Judgment on the Sufferer's side; making the Master promise to do according to his Award, and then left 'em; but Don *Quixote* being gone, the Boy got nothing but a more unmerciful Whipping than he had before.

This Adventure being over, Don *Quixote* in his riding on, happened upon four Cross-Ways, and not knowing which to take, he very judiciously left it to *Rosinante*, whovery well for himself, took that which led to his Stable; but whether by any Natural Instinct, or that he smelt it out, I will not determine: But as well as *Rosinante* chose for himself, he chose but ill for his Master; for meeting with some

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Toledo Merchants and their Servants, Don *Quixote* took 'em for wandring Knights, and so resolv'd to stop their Passage till he had made 'em confess that *Dulcinea* del *Toboſa* was the most Peerless Creature in the World: The Men were surpriz'd at such a Piece of Madness, and desir'd to see this Peerless Lady's Picture, that they might the better give Judgment thereon: *For*, said one, in way of Derision, *were ſhe blind and crooked, we'd go near to believe it. Baſe Scoundrel*, reply'd the furious Knight, *ſhe's neither blind nor crooked, but ſtraighter than an Arrow: And I'll make you pay dearly for this Affront.* He had no sooner spoke, but *Roſinante*, whom he had almost brought to live without Victuals, stumbling in a Cart-rut, fell with his valiant Master: who being press'd with his Armour, cou'd not rise so nimbly as to prevent one of their Servants from wresting his Lance out of his Hand, and beating him with it so unmercifully as splinter'd it in many Pieces: Don *Quixote* all the while crying out of the Baseness of the Squire to beat him at an Advantage: The Fellow for all that left not off Trashing him till he was weary, and then left him. And being unable to help himself, there must have lain, had not an honest Farmer of *Mancha* come by and re-mounted him; conveying him also to his own House; where he equally surpriz'd 'em with his going away and returning. But *Peter Perze*, the Curate of *Mancha* being informed by Don *Quixote*'s Niece of her Uncle's extravagant reading of Romance's, and then on a sudden of his starting up and falling a hewing and slashing of the Wooden Images in his Chamber, and calling 'em by Romantick Names; he was presently of Opinion, that the reading of those Romances was the Cause of all his mad Freaks, and therefore ought to be burn'd: 'Twas when they were just agoing to execute this sentence, that our unfortunate Knight, and *Pedro* the Farmer, were come to the Door, and joyfully receiv'd by the Plowman and the old Governant; but when they understood the unhappy Condition in which Don *Quixot* was found, and what Bangs and Bruises he had receiv'd from some rude People, they thought the most necessary Service they cou'd do him, was to get him to Bed, and give him some reviving Cordials; and indeed it was high time so to do; for the bad Usage he had met with, had so much debilitated him, that had they not taken him down as they did, he had fallen from his Horse, who wanted a Cordial almost as much as his Master. But having unarmed Don *Quixot*, and put him to Bed, and given him some Sove-

sign Restoratives, and put *Rozinante* into the Stable, and given him some Provender and fresh Litter, they left them both to take their Rest.

Don *Quixote* being safe, they resolved to proceed to the Execution of the Romances, and Books of Knight-Errantry; and having granted a Reprieve to some of the best of 'em, such as were written in the most accurate and modern Stile, and treated only of Vertuous Love and Honour; the rest were carried to the Place of Execution, and committed to the Flames: But O how dismal was that Sight! For there might you have seen the Brave King *Arthur*, with all the Knights of the Round Table scampering about till they were reduc'd to Ashes; *Orlando Furiosa*, grew stark mad in the Flames, and the Knight of the *Burning Pestele* blaz'd most terribly; the Giant *Brandimort* fell a roaring more dismally, than when he was overcome by Don *Bellianis*, and even *Hercules* was in a greater Heat then when he cleans'd the Augæan Stable. In brief, never was there a greater Destruction of Knight-Errants and Squires, Dwarfs, Giants, and Inchanters, than in this dismal Conflagration.

This Execution being done, they consulted how to impose upon Don *Quixote* and resolved to take away the Door of his Study, and make up the place with Bricks, and then to plaister it over, and white-wash it; which was done so cleverly that he knew not where to find it; they perswading him that *Friston* a notorious Inchanter had in his absence with a whole Shoal of Devils, carry'd away both his Study and Books, none knew whither. Don *Quixot* easily believ'd all this, well-knowing (as he said) that that damn'd Necromancer had always done whatever he cou'd to obstruct the Increase of his Renown; but he swore by the fair Hand of *Dulcinea* del *Toboso* that he wou'd e're long be reveng'd on him by finishing the Inchantment, and taking his Head off.

Chap. III. *How* Don Quixot *resolv'd upon going once more a Knight-Erranting, to which End he chose* Sancho Pancha *for his Squire; with whom he goes out in search of Adventures, and Encounter'd with a Windmil instead of a Giant; his bad Success therein; and of other remarkable Adventures.*

IT was no small Trouble to Don *Quixote*, to lose his Library; for seeing now he could not consult with his Books about the Laws of Knight-Errantry, he was fain to have recourse to his own Memory; and from thence furnish'd himself the best he could: And recollecting himself, he found it always usual for Knight-Errants to have Squires to attend 'em; the want of which he look'd upon to be the principal Occasion of his late Misfortunes: Having resolv'd upon a Squire, the next thing was, who must be he? And he had no sooner put this Question to himself, but straight it came into his Mind, that there was a Fellow who was a near Neighbour of his, that had as little Wit, and as many Maggots almost as himself: This Man he pitch'd upon, as one worthy of the Honour of his Esquire; and going immediately to treat with him, upon our Hero's Promise to make him the Governour of an Island, as soon as he shou'd Conquer it, *Sancho* (or *Simpleton* rather) promis'd to attend him as his trusty Squire. The Agreement, thus made, *Sancho Pancha*, (for so was this Squire named) was order'd the next light Night to steal away from his Spouse and her Daughter, and to take along with him *Dapple* his Ass, and a Wallet to carry such Necessaries in as they shou'd have occasion for: And so to come to him behind his Palace, where he shou'd find him

ready equipp'd for the intended Undertaking. *But* Don *Quixote* knowing Money to be the Sinews of War, was now resolv'd to be well provided for whatever adverse Fortune he should happen to encounter with; and to that end, turn'd one of his principal Mannors into ready Rhino; and then having stor'd himself with whatever he thought he might want; and the Squire waiting on him at the time prefix'd, they set forward unknown to any but themselves, and making the best of their Way, had got so far by that time the Morning Sun had gilded the Tops of the Mountains, that they were out of Fear of being pursued by those that would persvvade them to return.

And novv being come into a spacious Field, Don *Quixote* vvas resolv'd to open the Campaign vvith a very memorable Adventure: For discovering certain Windmils before him, he thus address'd himself to his Squire, *I have now,* Sancho, *a just Occasion to exert my Valour against those common Enemies to Knight-Errantry, the Giants: for look,* said he, *with what a wicked Force they brandish their extended Arms, as if they'd even dare me to the Combat; but I shall soon make them repent their Folly, and enrich thee with their Spoils.* To this *Sancho* (who plainly savv they vvere nothing but Windmils) return'd this Answver, *Master, You sadly mistake, or else your Eyes deceive you; for these Giants you think you see before you, are nothing else but Windmils. I tell thee, Fool,* reply'd Don *Quixote,* vvith an Air of Anger, *Thou want'st discerning Eyes; I know they are Giants, and that I'll prove upon the Body of the foremost presently;* and so couching his Lance, and spurring on *Rozinante* against the Windmil, the Sails being going, he stuck his Lance into the Bars of the Windmil, vvhich being fastened to the Hilt or Truncheon, and being fast lock'd in his Saddle, up went Horse and Man, a stiff Gale blowing; and being quite canted over, were thrown into a great Pond, which was well for our Knight-Errant, and *Rozinante* too: for had they fallen on the Ground, they had been beaten to Pieces; yet the Violence of the Fall plunged them so deep, that they had both like to have been drowned; but the trusty Steed at length brought out his Master, whilst *Sancho* keeping out of Harm's way, cou'd scarcely forbear laughing: But composing himself as well as he could, he ran to his Master, as soon as he got out of the Pond, congratulating his safe Deliverance; and then said, *Didn't I tell you, Master, they were no Giants but Windmils? Hold your Tongue,* says the Knight-Errant, *I still affirm they are Giants; but by the Power of that Inchanter who robb'd me of my Books, they are turn'd into Windmils; but*

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I will take an Opportunity e're long to wreak my just Revenge upon 'em. This satisfied *Sancho*, and so they rid forwards, till such time as they came to a large and well-spread Oak, under which, alighting, they refreshed themselves with such Victuals as *Sancho* had furnish'd himself with, in his Wallet.

After having eaten their fill, they had scarce closed the Wallet, before they espied in a low Descent between two Hills, where the Way was very narrow, two Horsemen and at a little distance a Coach coming after them, and Horsemen, riding after it: *See*, said Don *Quixot*, *what a worthy Adventure now offers itself to Immortalize my Name, for these Villians are carrying some great Princess captive, who now implores my Aid for her Rescue: I saw her but now hold up her Hand to me to come and help her: But I command you* Sancho, *whatever Condition thou see'st me in, stir not a Foot to my Aid, for 'tis against the Laws of Knight-Errantry. Indeed Sir*, said *Sancho*, *except it be to defend my own proper Person, I am not very forward to engage my self, for I have a natural Antipathy to Wounds and Bruises.* By this time the two first Persons that rid before the Coach, were come up to 'em, and happened to be two Benedictine Monks on their Mules, with two Foot-boys running by 'em; but Don *Quixote*, imagining them to be Ravishers, (for he would by no means be perswaded to the contrary) rid up to 'em, and all to be Traytor'd 'em for laying violent Hands on a Princess makes no more ado, but runs against the foremost with his Lance, who slipt from his Mule, or else he had been kill'd; the other Monk seeing his Fellow-Traveller's narrow escape, rid as fast as his Mule cou'd carry him, esteeming Don *Quixote* to be one desperately distracted. Don *Quixote* having thrown down the Monk, rid strait to the Coach to acquaint the Ladies with his Victory; in the mean time *Sancho* seeing the Monk down, made haste to rifle him, and take what he had, which he look'd upon to be lawful Plunder, but the two Lackeys falling upon him, gave him such an unexpected Drubbing, that he was hardly able to rise from the Ground, and then setting the Monk upon his Mule again, he rid as fast from Don *Quixote*, as if the Devil had drove him. ------ Don *Quixote* having told the Ladies in the Coach of the great Deliverance he had wrought for them, would by all means perswade 'em to go back to *Toboſa*, and there to acknowledge to *Dulcinea* by whose Hand they were delivered: But a Gentleman of *Biskay* riding behind the Coach, which was now stopp'd by Don *Quixote*, and hearing him talk of its

going

going back again, rid up to him, and ſwore if he did not let the Coach paſs on, he'd cut his Head off: Don *Quixote* was ſo enrag'd at this Affront, that he told him he'd make him know what 'twas to carry away a Princeſs, (which was all a Riddle to them in the Coach, who were neither Princeſſes nor Captives, but a Gentlewoman and her Attendants going to *Sevil* about urgent Buſineſs; and thoſe that rid by, altogether Strangers to her, and therefore ſhe deſired him to let them paſs on quietly.) This notwithſtanding, the two Combatants engag'd, and that ſo ſharply, that Don *Quixote* loſt not only the left ſide of his Helmet, but of his Ear alſo, by the Gentleman's Sword, which ſo exaſperated our Knight-Errant, that riding cloſe up to his Adverſary, who was but meanly mounted, he threw both Mule and Man to the Ground: But the Lady intreating for the Gentleman's Life, and promiſing he ſhould go to *Toboſa*, and preſent himſelf to his Lady, Don *Quixote* was pacify'd, and ſo they parted.

After this Encounter, the Knight and his Squire rid on together, and the Wound the former had received in his Ear, troubling him, becauſe they had not yet bought any Medicines, *Sancho* chew'd a little Cheeſe in his Mouth, and ſo apply'd it to the Part affected. And now Night approaching, and no Town nor Village being near, *Sancho* intreated his Maſter that he would take up his Quarters among ſome Goat-herds, who had pitched their Tents hard by, for *Sancho* had already ſmelt by their boiling Pots, that ſome good Victuals was to be had amongſt them. The Knight hearkened to *Sancho*'s Counſel; and one amongſt them knowing *Sancho*, his Maſter and he were well entertain'd by them.

Chap. IV. *Of a terrible Encounter between* Don Quixote *and his Squire on one part, and certain Yangueſian Carriers on the other, in Defence of* Rozinante. *Their ſtrange Adventure in an Inn, and how* Sancho *was toſs'd in a Blanket*, &c.

DOn *Quixote* and his Squire having been well entertain'd by the Goat-heards, and told by them a Story of the fair *Marcelia*'s inhabiting an unfrequented Forreſt, our Knight reſolved to go in queſt of her, and offer her his Service: But ſearching through a vaſt Forreſt till they both were weary, without finding her, they at laſt came to a fair Meadow, through which there ran a curious Brook, upon the flowry Banks whereof, he was reſolved to reſt himſelf; and there-

therefore cauſed *Sancho* to unſaddle *Rozinante*, and take his Bridle off, that he might feed the better; *Sancho* did as he was bid, and ſent his own Aſs to keep him Company: But whilſt the Squire and his Maſter were feeding upon what Proviſions the Wallet afforded them; it ſeems *Rozinante* was more wanton than hungry; for ſeeing ſome Mares belonging to the Yangueſian Carriers, feeding in the ſame Meadows, with their Packs on, he was grown ſo frolickſome, that he fell a leaping firſt on one, and then on another; but the Mares having more mind to their Food, than to that kind of Sport, fell to kicking and winching at ſuch a rate, that they threw their Packs off, which with the Fall burſt in Pieces, and ſcatter'd their Goods up and down the Meadow, breaking and ſpoiling ſeveral of them. The Carriers who ſat down to refreſh themſelves while their Cattel fed, being about twenty luſty Fellows in all, ſeeing what work *Rozinante*, had made amongſt their Mares, got up preſently, to revenge themſelves on him, for the Injury they had receiv'd, and ſo belabour'd the

poor Beaſt, with their Pack-ſtaves, that they cool'd his Courage in an Inſtant, leaving him miſerably ſprawling on the Ground. This Cruelty exercis'd upon *Rozinante*, Don *Quixote* (being very tender of his Honour) look'd on as an Affront done to himſelf: And therefore calling *Sancho* to aid him, he reſolv'd to chaſtize the Actors with a Severity ſuitable to their Crime. And ſo going up to them, after a few hard Words, he fell upon the foremoſt with Sword in Hand like a Tempeſt, wounded him, and laid him on the Ground; which the reſt ſeeing, to prevent their being ſerv'd in the like manner, they made up to our Knight and Squire with their long Staves,

which

wh ch out-reach'd their Swords abundantly, and quickly laid them both flat upon the Ground; nor wou'd they ſhew them any Compaſſion, tho' they had them down, notwithſtanding the piteous Cries of *Sancho* for Mercy; but drubb'd them ſo ſeverely with their Cudgels, that they left 'em for dead; and therefore fearing to be queſtion'd for the Murther, they made up their broken Packs as well as they could, and purſu'd their Journey with all imaginable haſte, to prevent their being apprehended. After they had been gone ſome time, Don *Quixote* giving a heavy Groan or two, curs'd his unfortunate Stars, for expoſing the moſt heroick Knight in the World to ſo indelible a Diſgrace; and *Sancho* hearing his Maſter complaining, not to be behind hand with him, cry'd out, He had not left a whole Bone in his Skin; nor muſt *Rozinante*, the Author of this Skirmiſh be forgot, who lay tumbling and flouncing, but wasn't able to riſe. Don *Quixote* perceiving what a ſhitten Caſe they were all three in, look'd upon it as his Wiſdom to make the beſt of a bad Market, and began to comfort his Squire, telling him all this was brought upon him by the Malice of the Sage *Freſton*, who had transform'd huge Giants with maſſy Iron Maces, into the Likeneſs of Carriers; and that thoſe which they took to be Packs, were no leſs than captiv'd Ladies. *Sancho*, notwithſtanding his aking Bones, had much ado to forbear laughing at his Maſter's nonſenſical Whimſies; and therefore told his Maſter, that whether they were Giants or Devils, he knew not; but this he was ſure of, that they had baſtinado'd them in a lamentable manner; and that he believed that they were no other than plain Carriers. 'Twas not Don *Quixote*'s Buſineſs now to contend, and therefore he gave *Sancho* all the good Words he could think of, and told him that tho' Knight-Errant met with many Diſaſters at firſt, yet at laſt they overcame all their Difficulties, and arriv'd to the higheſt Preferment.

The cunning *Sancho*, who had pretty well ſav'd himſelf, by crawling out of the Way on all four, after he had got the firſt Blow, and ſo made more Noiſe than he had receiv'd Hurt, began now to have ſome Compaſſion for his Maſter, and getting on his Legs, and ſtaggering to him, conſulted what was beſt to be done; in which Conſult it was reſolved, That the Knight, who was not able to ride upright, ſhould be laid athwart of *Sancho*'s Aſs, and tranſported to the next Inn, and *Rozinante* gently led, as being not capable of carrying his Maſter. Having in this Calf-like Poſture travers'd the Field and got into a Road, in half a League's jogging on, they found an Inn; and

and being enter'd into it, and the People wondring at so strange a Spectacle, ask'd how the Gentleman came by this Misfortune? *Sancho*, who expected this Question, had a Lie ready at his Tongue's End to answer it, and told them, that riding over a steep Mountain, his Horse leaping over a Rock, being frighted, fell two hundred Fathom with him into a deep Valley. This Lie, tho' the People did not altogether believe, yet they did not much question; hoping to get something by it. And so the Hostess with her Maid, took Don *Quixote* into a Closet; and stripping him naked, dawb'd him over with Yeast, and clapt brown Paper upon it; the lewd Wench all the while sniggering at the Wagging of his Bauble: Don *Quixote* acknowledg'd their Care, and the Ease he found by what they had apply'd to him. And now Night approaching, after they had eaten some Sheeps-trotters for Supper, they were conducted to Bed, being had up to a Room where there was three Beds, one for Don *Quixote*, another for *Sancho*, and a third for a rough hewen Carrier, who us'd to lye at that Inn, and though the Lodging was very indifferent, they knew not where to get a better, and so were forc'd to make shift with it: Don *Quixote* being kept awake by the Anguish of his Bruises, seeing the Chamber-door open, and one coming towards him all in white, imagin'd it to be either the Lady of the Castle, or rather her Daughter, and that she was fallen in Love with him; but the truth of it was, it was the Maid of the House, who supposing all fast asleep, was stealing to the Carrier's Bed, according to her Agreement before made with him. Don *Quixote* full of Imagination, catches her fast by the Hand, and pulls her to his Bed-side, courting her in a Romantick Stile, while she strove to get loose, but was afraid to make a Noise, lest she should be discover'd; in this Condition, the Carrier leap'd out of Bed to her Rescue, and without speaking, gave Don *Quixote* such a Blow o'th' Face with his Fist, that he made the Blood come, but keeping still his Hold, the Carrier got upon him, and almost prest his Guts out; when the Bed being over-burden'd with his Weight, fell to the Ground; this caus'd the Innkeeper to leap out of his Bed in the next Room, and run to see what was the matter: The Wench being got loose, crept into *Sancho*'s Bed, and fearing to be found, cover'd herself over Head and Ears, lying as round as a Foot-ball; *Sancho*, tho' he was before fast asleep, yet the Bustle he made at her coming into Bed awaked him; who finding a round Bulk at his Back, thought it a Night-mare come to Hag-ride him, and lays

upon her with his closed Fists, with all his Might; this so provoked the Wench, that not regarding her Shame, she gets upon her Knees, and falls upon him so severely, that he cries out Murther. This Cry alarm'd one of the Brotherhood, who make Vows to clear the Road of all Rogues and Thieves; who lodg'd in the House, and running into the Chamber, with his Staff of Office, and meeting forthwith the Inn-keeper, commanded him to deliver up himself to the Officers of Justice; but the Inn-keeper crying out, two Ostlers came in to help him, who so belabour'd the poor Knight of the Brotherhood, that he was glad to fly the Room, and leave his Staff of Authority broken behind him. In the mean time the Wench made shift to get to her Bed, and there feign'd herself as fast asleep, as if she had never been concern'd in the Matter. The Inn-keeper who had got out at a private Door, returned again with a Light, demanding what was the Occasion of the Uproar? There was none knew how to answer him, but Don *Quixote*, who lying in a miserable Pickle, begun a Tale of a Tub, telling him, That a fair Lady, who was a mighty Enchantress, bore that high Respect to his Worth and Renown, that she often paid him nightly Visits; and came that very Night to cure his Hurts: But an enchanted Moor, who had a furious Passion for her, for which she had chain'd him by her Magick, had broke his Chains that Night to follow her, being very jealous of the Favours she had shew'd to him; and so had done the Mischief, and made the Noise which had disturb'd the House. But *Sancho* quite spoil'd this Story, by telling them of a Wench in her Smock, that leap'd into his Bed, for he had felt her *Tuquoque*; which made the Inn-keeper give a better Guess at the matter; for he well enough knew the Wench's Lightness, and went half Snips in the Gain, and for that reason he seem'd to incline more to our Knight-Errant's Story, as being more for the Credit of his House.

Don *Quixote* and *Sancho*, not liking their Entertainment very well, got up early the next Morning, and being mounted, and ready to depart, the Inn-keeper catch'd hold of Don *Quixote*'s Horse's Bridle, telling him he must pay for what he had before he went. But that being contrary to the Laws of Knight-Errantry, Don *Quixote* told him he was the most discourteous Governour of a Castle that he ever met with; having never had any demanded of him before; adding, That the Hazards that he went thro' for the Service of his Country, in ridding it of Giants and Monsters, was a sufficient Compensation for what he had where-ever he came. The Inn-keeper reply'd, That his House was no Castle, but an Inn to entertain Travellers, and that he car'd not a Rush for his Service or his Hazard. This rais'd our Knight's Back up to such a degree, that he immediately uncases his dead-doing Weapon, and crying out, *Villain, let go my Bridle, or else both thou and all about thee shall fall a Sacrifice to my dire Revenge*; And then lifting up his Sword to cleave his Head asunder. the Inn-keeper thought fit to start aside to avoid it, and thereupon our Hero rid out at the Gate maugre all their Opposition. But as Ill-luck would have it, left his Squire behind him, who they im-

immediately ſhutting in, demanded the Money of him; but he ſolemnly averring that he had not ſo much as one ſingle Doit, the Innkeeper reſolv'd to have Satisfaction of him another way; and immediately ordering his Maid to fetch a large Blanket, and calling all that were in the Inn about him, poor *Sancho* was preſently pull'd from his Aſs and thrown into it, being held up hollow; and then toſſing him up aloft, receiv'd him again, ſprawling like a

Toad on a Waſhing-block; often holding the Blanket ſo low, that his very Rump ſaluted the Pavement; which put them into ſuch a Laughter, that they neither minded his crying out for Mercy, nor regarded his threatning them with his Maſter's Revenge; who had the Mortification to ſee him, without being able to help him. —— When they had had their full Satisfaction of poor *Sancho*, they ſet him on his Aſs again; who, in as bad a plight as he was, was glad he was got out of their Clutches, making ſo much haſte to be gone, that he quite forgot to take his Wallet along with him, in which was all his Stores and Proviſions. Being got to his Maſter, he complain'd grievouſly on him for abandoning him to ſo much Pain and Diſgrace. His Maſter told him he thought he had followed him at the Heels; but finding he did not, he came back to take Revenge: But alas! what cou'd he do? He found *Rozinante* ſo inchanted, that he cou'd by no means force him to leap the Barrier, otherwiſe he ſwore by the bright Eyes of his *Dulcinea*, he'd not have left one Soul of 'em alive. This Proteſtation was ſome Satisfaction to his Squire, and ſo on they rid on in hopes of meeting with ſome more favourable Adventures.

Chap. V. *How Don* Quixote *meeting a Company of Prieſts and Mourners, attending a Funeral, took 'em for a Company of Enchanters, and valiantly routed 'em. How Don* Quixote *over-threw a Barber, taking his braſs Baſon for* Membrino's *golden Helmet. And how he reſcued ſeveral Gally-Slaves.*

AS Don *Quixote* and his Squire rid along together, diſcourſing of the laſt unlucky Adventure, it began to grow dark, and neither Town nor Vil-

lage, nor ſo much as a Houſe appeared; which made our Travellers a little uneaſie, becauſe being unacquainted with the Roads, they might in the dark fall into Pits, or other dangerous Places; but, what was yet worſe, *Sancho* going about to anſwer the Calls of his craving Stomack, perceived he had left his Wallet behind him in the Inn, which was a moſt mortifying Diſappointment; and which he durſt not acquaint his Maſter with, leſt he ſhould ſend him back for it; and ſo the Remedy ſhould be worſe than the Diſeaſe. ------ But whilſt *Sancho* was thinking what he ſhould do, they perceiv'd at a diſtance a great number of Lights approaching nearer and nearer: Don *Quixote* at firſt View took 'em to be Ghoſts, but as they drew nearer, perceiv'd it to be

a Bier with a dead Body lying thereon, which he concluded to be ſome valiant Knight whom they had Murthered, and were now going to the Mountains to conceal it. This Thought being fixt in his Head, he reſolved to know the Truth of it; to which end, he rides up to 'em, and without ſpeaking a Word goes to ſtop 'em; but they not minding him, went on their Way, which ſo irritated our Hero, that he run againſt the foremoſt and overthew both Man and Mule, by which the Man had his Leg broken, which made him cry out in a lamentable manner for Help, which did ſo terrifie the other, (which were Church-Men, and a few Friends of the Deceaſed, who were going to bury a Gentleman at *Segovia*, and ſeeing *Sancho* lurk behind, were afraid there were more in his Company) they fled about the Fields in Confuſion, whilſt in the interim, Don *Quixote* examin'd his Priſoner, who honeſtly told him the naked Truth of the Matter, which he confirm'd by kiſſing the Croſs. Our triumphing Knight, ſatisfy'd with this Victory, call'd *Sancho* to help him from under his Mule, who had been more buſily employed than his Maſter, in rifling of a Sumpter-Mule, where he met with a Wallet much better than that which he had loſt, ſtuff'd with all ſorts of good Proviſions, which he very joyfully laded his Aſs withal, and then aſſiſted the fallen Stranger, and help'd him upon his Mule; tho' he wou'd firſt fain have rifled his Pockets, which *Sancho* ſaid, was the lawful Plunder of the Field; but his Maſter poſitively forbid it, as having ſet him at Liberty, and pardon'd him. And ſo they left them to call the Company together, and bury the Dead where they deſign'd. *Sancho* riding off very jollily, as having good ſtore of Provant along with him. So that now, though they cou'd not meet with an Inn, yet they

they were well enough contented to ſhelter themſelves under ſome Trees in a Meadow, and there to refreſh themſelves till the Morning's Dawning.

In the Morning, as they were riding over a Corn-field, it began to rain, Don *Quixote* ſaw at a diſtance, a Man riding on an Aſs, with ſomething ſhining on his Head like Gold, which he would needs have to be the Helmet of *Mambrino*, which was ſo famous, that it was valu'd at the Price of a Kingdom. And telling what he thought to *Sancho*, they were now come ſo near him, that *Sancho* ſaw 'twas nothing but a Barber riding on an Aſs, who, becauſe of the Rain, cover'd his Head with a braſs Baſon. Don *Quixote* was affronted at *Sancho*'s Bluntneſs, and told him, he ſhould quickly ſee his Miſtake; and running in a great Fury to meet the Man, cry'd out to him, Ho, Sir *Alifumforon Montarbaton*, thou Pagan Knight, deliver up to me the Helmet which you have injuriouſly ſtolen from the renowned *Mambrino*, while he ſlept; or this All-conquering Arm of mine ſhall ſoon compel thee to it: The poor Barber (for ſuch he was, and had been to trim a Man in the adjacent Village) hearing the threatning Language of a Man in Armour, and not knowing what he meant by it, quitted his Aſs, and betook himſelf to his Heels, and dropping his Baſon in the Fright, fled away to the Mountains for Security. Don *Quixote* immediately order'd *Sancho* to take the Baſon up, and give it him; then taking it in his Hand, and looking earneſtly on it, *Ah*, Sancho, ſaid he, *what an invaluable Jewel ſhould I have had of this Helmet, had it but been what once it was; but to make it look like a Baſon, they have cut off all the lower part. Why, what is it elſe but a Baſon*, ſaid *Sancho? A Baſon, thou provoking Villain!* reply'd Don *Quixote*, *I tell thee, 'tis a part of the Helmet of the invincible* Mambrino, *and I will have it fitted up for my own Uſe: Therefore put it up in thy Wallet, and ſay no more. I beſeech you*, ſaid *Sancho*, *let me offer one thing more to your Conſideration, and that is, That ſince the Pannel of the Pagan Knight's Aſs is better than mine, whether the Squire, by the Laws of Knight-Errantry, may not lawfully make an Exchange with him?* The Caſe was very weighty, but after having maturely weigh'd it, Don *Quixote* allow'd it might be done. And ſo the Exchange being made, away they rid together, and they being gone, the poor Barber took his Aſs, and rid home to tell the Town how he loſt his Baſon.

Don *Quixote*, to paſs away the time as they rid along, read to his Squire a Lecture of Knight-Errantry, ſhewing by what Gradation a Knight-Errant mounted to the higheſt Pinnacle of Honour, and thereby became capable of advancing their Squires to the Government of Countries, which was what *Sancho* gap'd for, and what his Maſter had promis'd him, and therefore *Sancho* was very well pleas'd to hear there was any Likelihood of it. This Diſcourſe was hardly over, when they perceived coming croſs the High-way about a dozen luſty young Fellows chained altogether, the Chain being faſten'd to Iron Collars about their Necks, with four armed Men to guard them. This unuſual Spectale moved our Compaſſionate Knight-Errant (whoſe Employment was to defend the Diſtreſſed) to ſpur on *Rozinante*, to come up with them; which he did in a little time, and fell to Examine whither thoſe Men were driving them in ſuch a miſerable Condition? They told him to the Gallies, for ſeveral ſmall Crimes, which they named particularly, their

their Guard causing them to stop, in hopes that Don *Quixote* would have given them some Money. But he understanding they were compelled to go with 'em, resolutely order'd that they should be set at Liberty; which the Guards opposed, urging the King's Order to carry them on Board. *That signifies nothing to me*, said Don *Quixote*, *my Business is to vindicate the Oppressed, and I'll have it done.* At this the Commissary that commanded 'em, fell a laughing, but he soon chang'd his Tune; for Don *Quixote* running furiously at him with his Lance, threw him down to the Ground, hurting him very much; and was preparing to charge the rest, who were coming so fiercely to attack him, that had not the Thieves broke their Chain, and come in to their Champion's Help, it had gone very hard with him; but they pelting them with their Irons, fled away, and left 'em at Liberty; *Sancho*, in the mean time, busied himself in plundering the Commissary, who lay wounded. Don *Quixote* proud of this Victory, call'd the new-deliver'd Slaves about him, and recounting in a large Oration, what mighty things he had done for them, commanded them in Acknowledgment thereof, to repair instantly to *Toboſa*, and there on their Knees, with the broken Pieces of Chains in their Hands, acknowledge themselves to be redeem'd from a miserable Slavery, by the alone Prowess and matchless Arm of the ever-puissant and victorious Knight, Don *Quixote* of the *Mancha*. But they desir'd to be excus'd, alledging, that their Business now was, to skulk into the Woods and Mountains, that they may escape falling into the Hands of the Brotherhood, by whom they should be in Danger of being taken again, should they travel the Roads. This Refusal of the Slaves to obey his Orders, rais'd up his Back to that degree, that he swore they should either obey him, or else he himself would drive them to the Gallies; by which they perceived him to have a soft place in his Head, and therefore by the Advice of their Ring-Leader, whose Name was *Gines Paſſamont*, they ran to a Heap of Stones, from whence they so pelted both our Knight and Squire, that they rid away with all the Speed they cou'd, to prevent having those little Brains they had being beaten out of their Heads.

Chap. VI. *How* Don Quixote *met in the Woods with the fair Huntress, who she was, and how they carried Don* Quixote *to her Castle: With the strange Adventures of the Afflicted Matron; and of the Wooden Horse that was to carry Don* Quixote *and* Sancho *through the Air*, &c.

Sancho being more sensible than his Master of the Danger they were in, by rescuing the condemned Gally-Slaves, perswaded Don *Quixote* to steer his Course thro' the Woods, to avoid the meeting with the Brotherhood, who wou'd shew 'em little Mercy; Don *Quixote* finding there was Reason in what *Sancho* said, took his Advice, but wou'd not own it was from any Principle of Fear, but meerly to comply with *Sancho*'s Desires; and so they made off towards an adjacent Forrest, in which, they were no sooner entred, but they heard the Sound of many little Silver Bells, with the Yelping of Spaniels; which made Don *Quixote* curious to know the Meaning of it, and so sent *Sancho* to make some Discovery; who had scarce entred amongst the thick Trees, but returning back, cry'd out, *O Master, here is* Diana *and all her Nymphs about her, dress in the costliest Robes of green, I ever saw; for by their Beauties, I'm sure they can be no other.* Don *Quixote* at first thought his Man had seen a Vision of Fairies, that us'd to dance in Green, but drawing nearer, and hearing Humane Voices, he was resolv'd to venture in amongst them; and the first Object that saluted his Eyes, was a perfect Beauty sitting on a white Palfrey under the refreshing Shade of a well-spread Oak; attended by other Ladies, and guarded with several Huntsmen in their proper Habits: Don *Quixote*, who by this Sight was inspir'd with a thousand Whimsies, thought they were Captive Ladies with their Keepers, who had got leave to recreate themselves, and were come out of some Castle near at hand; and therefore addressing himself to her who appeared

to

to be the Miſtreſs, and bowing over his Saddle to her, *Peerleſs Beauty*, ſaid he, *the Mirror of exalted Perfection, know that I am* Don Quixote de la Mancha, *Knight of the Lyons, and the Avenger of the Injured; ſay therefore, if you have been injured by undervaluing your Beauty, or reſtraining your Liberty, and I will be your Champion, and with Sword and Lance will ſacrifice my Life to redreſs your Sufferings.*

The Dutcheſs of *Medina Sedonia* (for it was no leſs a Perſon that Don *Quixote* had ſpoke to) having heard much of the Freaks of Don *Quixote*, was glad of this Interview, intending to improve it for her Diverſion; and being extreamly debonair and witty, acquainted our Knight-Errant that ſhe was at Liberty, and none had injur'd her, thoſe that were about her being her Servants; and then with an obliging Air, ſhe told him, *She knew not how to expreſs her Joy for the good Fortune that had befallen her, in bringing her into the Company of a Knight of whom Fame had been ſo lavish, not only in* Spain, *but even in the remoteſt Regions of the Earth; telling him he was, thrice welcome to her*; and immediately ſent one of her Servants to give Notice to her Lord (who was alſo in the Forreſt) what a renowned Knight was come to offer her his Service: The Duke, who had alſo heard abundance of comical Adventures of this Romantick Hero, delay'd not to joyn the Company, not doubting but by humouring our comical Knight-Errant, to find excellent Diverſion in his Converſation; and ſo after ſome Complements paſſed between 'em, the Duke intreated him to do him the Honour to go with him to his Caſtle hard by, where he ſhould be entertain'd according to his Worth and Quality. *But there is one thing wanting*, added the Duke, *to compleat the Happineſs of this Interview, and that is, that I ſee not your truſty Squire*, Sancho Pancha, *of whoſe great Faith and Fidelity I have heard much Commendations.* The Duke had hardly made an end of ſpeaking, but *Sancho* (who had all this while ſkulk'd behind a Tree) came boldly our, and making his Obeiſance to the Duke and Dutcheſs, ſaid, *Behold, illuſtrious Duke, that truſty Squire your Highneſs ſpake of; and let my Maſter, if he can, deny that I have ſerv'd him faithfully, and underwent many a Baſtinado, to raiſe his Report up to that vaſt Height to which it is arriv'd:* Which *Sancho* ſpake with ſuch an Air of Aſſurance, that the Duke and Dutcheſs could not forbear but ſmile, and thought him to be a very comical Fellow.

In ſhort, Don *Quixote* accepted of the Duke's Offer, and rode between him and his Dutcheſs to the Caſtle, where their numerous Servants, having had their Cue before given 'em, ſtood ready to receive them, crying, *Long live the Noble Duke and Dutcheſs; Long live the Cream and Flower of all Chivalry,* Don Quixote de la Mancha, *and* Sancho Pancha *his truſty Squire:* This ſo puff'd up our Knight-Errant, that he now became certain that he was a real Knight; for being entred the great Hall, the Trumpets and Hautboys ſounded, and the great Guns thunder'd round the Caſtle; Silver Baſons and Ewers to waſh in, Tables richly ſpread, and all things according to the Grandeur of ſo great a Duke: The Servants carrying it with ſo great a Reſpect to Don *Quixote* as if he really had been what he fancy'd himſelf: And *Sancho Pancha* bleſs'd the Time that ever he come to be Don *Quixote*'s Squire. After they had been thus nobly entertain'd for two or three Days, the Duke's Steward had provided a very comical Adventure for Don *Quixote*: And the Duke and the Dutcheſs being privy to it, had order'd Dinner to be got ready in a Summer-houſe, ſeated in the midſt of a pleaſant Garden; Dinner being ſcarce ended, came the Gard'ner, in Appearance much frighted, and almoſt out of Breath, relating what a dreadful Apparition had enter'd the Garden, being as tall as two ordinary Men, with a fearful long Beard. At this Don *Quixote* ſtood amaz'd, and *Sancho* trembled, and all the reſt appear'd terrify'd: At laſt, up came the Goblin, with a Truncheon in his Hand, and a mighty Cymeter hanging by a Chain at his Girdle, his Beard three Foot long, and his Aſpect very dreadful. Don *Quixote* ſeeing him, was preparing to combat him, thinking by ſuch a Conqueſt to gain immortal Renown; when the Gigantick Form breath'd forth with a hoarſe Voice like half-ſpent Thunder,

theſe Words, *High and Mighty Sirs, I am Squire to the Unfortunate Conteſs* Triſaldi, *ſtiled the* Afflicted Matron; *who being informed that the famous Knight Don* Quixote *was here, intreats his Aſſiſtance to diſenchant her.* She may come in, ſaid the Duke, for here is that famous Knight you mentioned. Upon this entred the *Afflicted Matron*, and embraced Don *Quixote*'s Knees, and ſaid, *I waited on* Donna Maguncia *the Canducian Queen in the fartheſt Orient, who committed to my Tuition the beautiful Princeſs* Antonomoſia, *a Lady of great Beauty; and tho' ſhe was courted by many great Princes, yet the Queen refus'd her Conſent. Now in the Court was one Don* Clanixo, *a Muſician, who demanded my Conſent to ſteal away the Princeſs; to which I conſented: The Queen no ſooner knew he had convey'd her away, but ſhe baniſh'd me the Court, and died with Grief. Upon her Death, Don* Clanixo, *in the Right of his Princeſs, took Poſſeſſion of the Kingdom. But ſhe was no ſooner buried, but Giant* Malambruno, *the deceaſed Queen's Couſin, to revenge Don* Clanixo's *Boldneſs, and* Antonomaſia's *Folly, turn'd him into a Crocodil, and her into an Ape, faſt'ning both to the Tomb of her Mother, that they can't be remov'd till the Inchantment's diſſolv'd, which you only can do.*

Don *Quixote* hereupon promis'd to end the Enchantment, by cutting off *Malambruno*'s Head; but aſked how he ſhould come at him, ſince there was ſo many vaſt Seas and Deſarts between them? She rep'y'd, *That her Squire had ſtollen the famous* Pacolet's *Wooden Horſe, who by turning only a Pin in his Forehead, won'd mount up with his Rider up into the Air, and be at the moſt diſtant Place in a Trice.* And thereupon four Men brought in a Wooden Horſe, whoſe Feet were faſtned upon Wheels. *Sancho* ſeeing this ſtrange Device,

refus'd to take ſuch an airy Journey; but Don *Quixote* and the Duke and Dutcheſs over-perſwaded him, with the Promiſe of an Iſland, on the finiſhing this Adventure. So that being agreed, they were both blind-folded to prevent their Heads from ſwimming in paſſing thro' ſo many Regions. Being fix'd upon the wooden Horſe, there was ſome appointed to run him about upon a ſmooth ſandy Walk; and blowing with a Pair Bellows in their Faces, *I perceive*, ſaid Don *Quixote*, *we are already in the Region where Ice and Snow are engender'd: I believe ſo*, ſaid *Sancho, for 'tis plaguy cold.* Then a great many Crackers were let off: *Now*, Sancho, ſaid Don *Quixote*, *hear how the Thunder roars, and fiery Bolts rattle and hiſs in the Clouds.* Then putting Fire to the Horſe's Tail, a great Number of Crackers that were in his Belly, blew him up into the Air, which canted the two Horſemen into a Fountain: Upon which a doleful Cry was made, *He flies, he dies by the valiant Hand of the Knight of* Mancha. This Voice they heard as they were ſcrambling out of the Water. Being unhoodwink'd, they were congratulated for having finiſh'd the Adventure, and being deſir'd to take ſome Reſt after it; were convey'd to Bed, a ſleepy Portion was given 'em, and they were remov'd into a Cart, and ſent home to the Village of the *Mancha*; where Don *Quixote* ſoon after repented him of his Follies, and ended his Days. 10 JU 52 *FINIS.*